

Bijou's Babysitter Blues

by cappyandpashy4ever

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Summary: Chpt 8: Wherever they are, Bijou and her gang seem to get into more and more trouble! Meeting their opposites, cheap fast food, and a surprise you never saw coming! Read and review!

1. Flashback OF DOOM!

****You heard right! Pretzel and Cinnamon are back in an all-new adventure! This story (yes they are ham-human) takes place a few years after You've got to be Mental. I was originally going to make this a oneshot, but now I have enough ideas to make it multi-chaptered! Besides I already have enough oneshots out there. Oh, and I skipped Bijou's accent in this fic. She still has it, I just don't want to write it. Well, enjoy this fic and laugh out loud at the incredible shenanigans of Pretzel and Cinnamon Teriyaki! Sayonara!****

****Bijou's Babysitter Blues by cappyandpashy4ever****

****Chapter 1: Flashback OF DOOM!****

A tall and rather wide woman stood in the doorway of a large brick house. She had cream-colored hair cut in a short style. Her fancy flowered dress was ruined slightly by the yellow bandana tied around her neck.

"And you're sure you'll be okay?" the woman seemed to be speaking to a slender white-haired figure standing inside the doorway.

"Yes," replied Bijou, looking at her notes. "We'll be fine Mrs. Terri Terra"

"Teriyaki dear." interrupted Mrs. Teriyaki to Bijou, who seemed unable to pronounce the name correctly.

"Right." Said Bijou, pushing her platinum hair in front of her eyes, as to roll them without being seen by Mrs. Teriyaki.

"Well then," Mrs. Teriyaki began. "I best be off. Have a nice time babysitting!"

"Don't worry Mrs. T! I'll have a great time withâ€|withâ€|"

"Pretzel and Cinnamon dear." Recited Mrs. Teriyaki. "And they've been just dying to see you again! Well, I'm off!"

Mrs. Teriyaki promptly shut the door.

"Hmm." Said Bijou aloud to herself. "What did she mean, see me again? This is my first time sitting here."

(A/N Did I forget to mention? Since this story takes place a few years after YGTBM, Bijou doesn't remember Pretzel and Cinnamon at all!)

"Mrs. Teriyaki said that the kids would be in the playroom." Bijou said aloud. She walked down the hall and after a few tries, found the door into the playroom. Two small children sat on the floor in a pile of toys. One, a boy around eight, had creamy yellow hair with white flecks and one eye that was slightly larger than the other. The other one, a female of five, had reddish brown hair and white streaks like icing.

"BIJOU!" the children shouted once they noticed her come in. They leaped onto her back and began tugging at her ears.

"Pretzelâ€|Cinnamonâ€|" The names echoed inside Bijou's head. Mrs. Teriyaki. Pretzel and Cinnamon tackling her. Even the way that they pulled on her ears. They all seemed familiar, as if she'd met them before.

Bijou managed to shake them off, running her fingers through her hair, attempting to remember where she'd seen them before.

"Pretzel miss friendly friend Bijou girl!" spoke Pretzel.

"Uh, right." Responded Bijou. "Erm, Pretzel, Cinnamon, let's go get some dinner."

Pretzel and Cinnamon grabbed Bijou's hands and she led them into the bathroom to wash up.

"Soap, soap, soap!" Pretzel sang, lathering his hands under the faucet.

"I like soap." Cinnamon responded. Something about that reminded Bijou of something.

"I like crab apples." Said Pretzel. Chink! Another piece of the puzzle clicked into Bijou's mind.

"I like onion rings." Chink!

"I like Popsicle sticks." Chink. She was getting close now.

"I like artichokes." Clink. So closeâ€|

Pretzel and Cinnamon hopped on top of the sink and cried "I LIKE BLUEBERRY PIE!"

CHINK! Suddenly, Bijou remembered. Her eyes widened in horror as voices echoed in her ears.

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"He says his name's Pretzel. He just jumped onto my back and he won't leave."

"AHHH! My hat, my hat! It's alive!"

"You try to hurt Penelope, my mustard colored baby!"

"Sit still or we'll never get the juice out!"

"Pretzel bye too! Pretzel bye too! Bijou goo-goo!"

"I like blueberry pie!"

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"Oh no!" exclaimed Bijou, suddenly remembering everything. "No!" she muttered, escaping from the bathroom and running into the hall. "No!"

Bijou slid down the wall and landed in a sloppy sitting position. She put a hand over her face. "No! no! NOOOOOOOO!"

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End of chapter one.

Ooo! I feel sorry for Bijou. Sorry for the cliffie! More hilarious antics after five reviews! (Good ones) I have lots more in store! Stay tuned! Cappyandpashy4ever, signing off.

2. A Miserable Attempt at Dinner

YAHHHH! Second chappie of dooooooooooooooooooom! Sorry for the long wait, and the even longer wait for Ham-Ham Interviews. It's partly because I'm doing those EVIL STANDARDIZED TESTS at school, and partly because I just ran out of ideas! If anybody has any ideas for HHI, let me know! Anyway, on to the chapter!

Bijou's Babysitter Blues by cappyandpashy4ever

Chapter 2: A miserable attempt at dinner

"Okay Bijou," Bijou said out loud, pushing sweat off her face. "You can do this, you can do this, you can- what am I saying? I can't do this! Those two are living nightmares! I need help! Serious help! That only leaves on person!"

She fingered through her purse and pulled out her cell phone. She could hear Pretzel and Cinnamon running down the hall, so quick as a flash, she dialed the phone.

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Pashmina sat in her room, lying face down on her bed. She was bored. So bored. So incredibly bored that I won't even take the time to explain it to you. In fact, she was so bored that just explaining it to you would cause you to be as bored as she was, and we don't want that, no, not at all.

Pashmina had been like this for a while now. Lying half asleep, not even thinking. She was shocked out of her half-vegetated state, however, when her phone rang from inside her purse.

"Nyaaaa!" Pashmina yelled, stumbling over a pile of clothes in a mad frenzy to reach her phone. After tripping a dozen more times, she managed to grip her phone, press the talk button, and mutter "Hello?" into the receiver.

"Hello Pashmina."

"Bijou!" Pashmina screamed into the phone. "Where have you been? I've tried to call your house about fifty thousand times!"

"I'm at the Teriyaki's house." Said Bijou. " I have a babysitting job here. But I can't talk long, _they're _coming. I need you to come over here quick! The address is 5 Ham n' Cheese Lane."

"But why?" Pashmina asked.

"I'll explain later!" cried Bijou, slightly panicked. "Just hurry over here okay!"

Bijou hung up.

"Well," Pashmina said to herself. "I guess I have no choice."

Pashmina trudged through the hall, pulled on her shoes, and right before leaving through the front door yelled "Penelope! I'm going out!"

"What are you telling me for?" Penelope yelled back. "I don't care!"

"Just go back to watching Hammy-Tubbies!" Pashmina snapped.

"Fine!" cursed Penelope. "I will!"

Pashmina promptly slammed the door and got in her car. Just as she was buckling her seat belt, a strange though came to her.

"Teriyakiâ€|where have I heard that before?"

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Bijou's heart beat loudly as she crept along the hall, following the voices of Pretzel and Cinnamon. She was afraid of what they might be doing. When the voices got close enough, it looked like they were coming from a small door on the left side of the hall. Bijou entered the door.

Inside was a bare room with nothing but a litter-box in the center and a large closet on the side. Pretzel and Cinnamon stood arched over the litter-box, each with a paw in their hand, dangling the cat upside down. Every few seconds, Cinnamon would give a strong poke to the cat's stomach.

"C'mon kitty!" Cinnamon yelled. "When I poke your tummy, you supposed to pee, just like my dolly!"

"Pretzel know!" said Pretzel. "We must get new cat-litter before kitty go potty!"

Pretzel scrambled into the closet and came out seconds later with a huge bag of litter. The bag seemed to be too heavy for him to carry, and Bijou knew in a second that he would drop it and it would break on the floor. She ran over to him.

"Pretzel! Give this to me!" she screamed.

"No!" Pretzel shouted, giving the bag a tug.

"Yes!" Bijou yelled, pulling it back towards her.

"Alright." Said Pretzel, smiling happily and dropping the bag. Unfortunately, this is what Bijou dreaded most. The bag fell onto the floor, split open and literally exploded with cat-litter, most of it on Bijou's shoes.

"No!" Bijou yelled, swiping the litter off her shoes the best she could. "Why did I have to wear my expensive French pumps today of all days?" she muttered to herself.

"Wheeeee!" Pretzel and Cinnamon cried, picking up the litter and tossing it into the air. "It's snowing gray stuff!"

"Great," said Bijou. "How am I gonna clean this up?"

"You don't have to!" screamed a voice from the doorway. Bijou looked around to see Pashmina standing there with a vacuum cleaner in her hand. "Because I'mâ€|a neat freak!"

"Pashmina!" Bijou cried. "I'm glad you came so quick! Now I need you to-"

"AHHHHH!" Pashmina cut across her.

"Oo!" said Cinnamon. Is it loud noise time already? Come Pretzel, we must go find the instruments!" Cinnamon grabbed Pretzel's hand and they ran out of the room.

"What was that all about?" Bijou asked Pashmina, who was now looking severely shocked.

"Iâ€¦" Pashmina stuttered. "I think I just hadâ€¦a hallucination. I saw those demented siblings Pretzel and Cinnamon. But I must've just imagined it allâ€¦" Pashmina put a hand on her face.

"That was no hallucination." Said Bijou. "They're who I'm babysitting for."

"Whoâ€¦" Pashmina stuttered. "What, whereâ€¦Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why did you accept a job here of all places?" Pashmina slid down against the wall.

"I didn't know I was sitting for them!" cried Bijou. "But that's not the point. I need help!"

"Darn right you need help!" Pashmina said. "We need staples. A lot of staples. I have some at my house, I'll go get them."

Pashmina ran out the door.

"We're back!" said Pretzel, entering the room with a xylophone in his paws. Cinnamon followed, carrying a drum.

"Where your noisy friend go?" Cinnamon asked Bijou.

"She left for a bit." Said Bijou.

"Okay!" they both shouted, tossing the instruments in the corner where they shattered to pieces.

"Nowâ€¦" muttered Bijou. "How do I use this vacuum?"

She pressed a small red button at the top of the nozzle. It instantly started sucking up the litter on the ground.

"That's more like it!" Bijou exclaimed, triumphantly guiding the nozzle and gulping up more litter.

"Hey!" said Pretzel, pointing to the vacuum. "That looks fun!"

Pretzel ran up to the nozzle and put his finger in it. Without warning, the machine gave an upward thrust, and Pretzel's head disappeared into it.

"Wahoo!" Cinnamon shouted, clamping onto Pretzel's foot, as it too was lost in the vacuum.

"Oh my gosh! Cinnamon! Pretzel! No!" Bijou screamed, grabbing hold of Cinnamon's leg. Bijou didn't know what happened, but the vacuum gave a lurch, everything was dark, and Bijou felt like she was being squeezed through a very small rubber tube.

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Then she felt a thump as she landed on some sort of ground. She stood up and opened her eyes. She was in a very large, grassy area. There was a huge crowd of hillbillies standing in front of her.

"What the heckâ€|" Bijou muttered, looking around in all directions. Eventually, she saw two heads, one with cream-colored hair and one with cinnamon brown. Bijou walked up to them.

They were both transformed. Pretzel had overalls on with no shirt. He also had on a very tarnished pair of sandals and a few teeth missing. Cinnamon looked odd in a belly shirt with ripped shorts. He feet were bare and adorning her head was a small, yellow sun hat.

"Well howdy Bijou!" Pretzel and Cinnamon exclaimed upon seeing her.

"Uh, okayâ€|this is weird." Bijou said, staring at Pretzel and Cinnamon's strange attire. "Does either of you know how I can get the heck outta here?"

"Hyuk-hyuk!" they both burst out laughing.

"Right then." Said Bijou, deciding to try another person.

She walked up to a rather fat old man who was whittling a twig.

"Um, sir? Do you know how I can't get out of here?" she asked.

"Well button my corn and pierce my ladle! Ain't you the purdiest gal I ever did see! Whoo-eee!" he slapped his knee.

"I'll justâ€|try someone else then." Bijou said, backing away slowly. The next man he came across was a short, plump man who was bald with a few tufts of white hair on the sides. His clothes looked ancient and he held a small, glass object. Bijou walked up to him.

"Hello! I'm Benjamin Franklin." Said the man. "I invented the light-bulb!"

"That's nice," said Bijou. "But do you have any idea of how I can leave this place?"

"Lightâ€|bulb?" said Ben Franklin, holding up the bulb.

"Ugh!" cried Bijou. "This isn't working! GET ME OUTTA HERE NOW!"

Suddenly a huge current of wind swept towards Bijou, lifting her off the ground. Pretzel and Cinnamon joined her in the air. They were rising upâ€|upâ€|

"Hey!" Bijou yelled to the ground that was getting smaller by the second. "Thomas Edison invented the light-bulb not Benjamin Franklin!"

Then everything got dark and Bijou felt that strange compressed feeling again.

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Bijou hit the floor of the house with a soft thud. She picked herself up and scratched her head.

"Okay," she said. "I don't even know how that was possible. Oh well, dinner time!"

Pretzel and Cinnamon followed her to the kitchen. Bijou opened the door to the fridge. Unsurprisingly, it was entirely filled with blueberry pie.

"Pie! Pie!" Pretzel and Cinnamon chanted.

"No!" argued Bijou. "Your mother said no pie before dinner! But then, what are you guys supposed to eat? Don't you have any bologna around here?"

"Bologna!" they shouted, and then they burst into song. "My bologna has a first name, it's O-S-C-A-R! My bologna has a second name it's M-A-Y-E-R! I love to eat it every day and if you ask me why I'll say! Cause Oscar Mayer has a way with P-Q-L-O-T-N-F!"

"That's not how you spell-" but Bijou was distracted by something she found behind one of the pies. It was hard, red, andâ€|moving.
"AHHHHHH!" Bijou screamed.

"Noise time!" shouted Pretzel. "To the instruments!"

"No!" said Bijou, calming herself down. "It's not instrument time. It's _that._" Bijou pointed to the red thing.

"Oh" said Cinnamon. "That's a lobster, not a that. Say it with me, lob-ster."

"I know what it is!" Bijou yelled, beginning to get annoyed. "But why in the world would you have a live lobster in the fridge?"

"We call him Carl." Answered Pretzel.

"That doesn't answer my question!" she yelled.

"I like-" began Pretzel.

"Yes, yes I know! Blueberry pie!"

"Let's make soup!" yelled Cinnamon, snatching a can out from her pocket.

"Why didn't you say you had that?" yelled Bijou. "Go make it!"

Pretzel and Cinnamon trotted off towards the microwave to cook the soup and Bijou sat down at the kitchen table and waitedâ€|waitedâ€|

"Man," said Bijou after a while. "That soup has been in the microwave for a long time. How long did you put it in for, Pretzel?"

"Well," said Pretzel, smiling his most demented smile. "Pretzel doesn't know numbers, so Pretzel just pressed the 'soup' button!"

"Hmm," said Bijou. "My microwave doesn't have that button, let me see it, Pretzel."

He lead her over to the microwave and pointed to a small button.

"See?" said Pretzel. "It says soup. P-O-P-C-O-R-N, soup!"

"No," sighed Bijou. "That button says popcorn. See, the P makes the puh sound and- POPCORN?"

Bijou opened the microwave. The soup was steaming but seemed to be unharmed.

"Good," Bijou said, relieved. "It looks like the soup's okay. I thought it was going to-"

But Bijou was stopped by a small rumbling sound. The next thing she knew, the soup had exploded all over her! She wiped off the drips from her face. She was not hurt, but the soup had taken its toll. The broth had turned Bijou's snow-white hair a delicate shade of yellow.

Bijou was about to burst with anger and strangle Pretzel and Cinnamon, but before she could do anything drastic, she heard a knock on the door.

Bijou walked up to the door and opened it. Pashmina stood framed in the doorway, holding a bag of staples.

"Hey Bij, I brought some- whoa!" Pashmina exclaimed. "Bijou, have you been trying to dye your hair? Sorry to break it to you but blonde is not your color."

"It's not me!" Bijou screamed with frustration. "It's the soup darn it!"

"I'm not even going to ask." Sighed Pashmina. "Anyway, I brought the staples."

"Thanks." Said Bijou. "Do we need anything else?"

"Well, judging on what just happened," Pashmina pointed at Bijou's hair. "Sandy's help would be much appreciated."

"Right," said Bijou. "I'll call her."

Bijou dialed Sandy's phone on her cell.

"Like, hello?" said Sandy over the phone.

"Sandy, it's Bijou." Bijou said.

"Oh, like, hey Bij. What's up?" Sandy asked.

"I got stuck babysitting for Pretzel and Cinnamon." Said Bijou.

"Like, totally uncool!" Sandy exclaimed. "Those two are nothing but trouble!"

"So, you'll come and help me and Pash then?" Bijou asked.

"Heck no!" cried Sandy. "Do you, like, know what they did to my ribbon last time?"

"Fine," said Bijou, sounding a bit evil. "Then I'll just have to ask Stan. I'm sure he'll come and help me and Pashmina, and while we're at it-"

"Okay, okay!" said Sandy. "Like, I'm on my way!"

Sandy hung up.

"Is she coming?" asked Pashmina when Bijou put away her phone.

"Yep." Said Bijou, smirking.

About thirty seconds later, the doorbell rang.

"Is Sandy here already?" Pashmina asked. "That was pretty fast."

Bijou went to open the door, but it wasn't Sandyâ€|

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****I know, I'm evil for leaving you guys with a cliffhanger. But I just had to do it! Remember to review, and if you have any ideas for HHI, let me know in a private message! (not in a review for this story please!) Thanks for reading Bijou's Babysitter Blues and I'll see you all in my next update! â€"cp4ever****

3. A Little Fun With a Phone

****Boom baby! I am back! (Whoa, there's another phrase to add to my 'never say again' list.) Yes, I have decided to update this long overdue fic, which as you remember, ended in a cliffhanger. This chapter will contain a special character though up by Mel-Girl. I'm not going to say the name just yet, as you'll find out in a moment, but you'll know it's her because she's the only made up character in this chapter, besides Pretzel and Cinnamon. Thanks for reading!****

Recap: Bijou went to open the door, but it wasn't Sandyâ€|****

****Chapter 3: A Little Fun With A Phone****

In the doorway stood a tall and skinny girl around Bijou's own age. Her short, sleek brown hair was pushed behind her equally brown ears

by the thick black glasses she wore. Her navy blue sweatshirt and tan vest clashed horrible with her plaid shorts. A laptop was strung around her back by a strap.

"Salutations fellow ham-human beings!" she said, speaking in a nasally voice as though she were pinching her nose.

"Uh, hi." Was all Pashmina was able to say. Bijou remained silent, rendered speechless by the girl's odd appearance.

"My name is Tekkie." Said the girl. "And I would like to-" she stopped suddenly, sniffing the air. "Oh boy!" Tekkie cried. "I smell the unmistakable odor of the Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus!"

"What?" Bijou and Pashmina said together.

"Quick!" yelled Tekkie. "We have to wait for it in a hidden spot or it'll run away!"

Tekkie grabbed Bijou and Pashmina and pulled them into a closet. It was dark and cramped.

"Oh," muttered Bijou. "This is great."

"Shh!" whispered Tekkie. "You'll scare it away!"

"Scare what away?" Pashmina argued. "You still haven't told us why we're in a closet! And why are you here in the first place?"

"The reason I'm here," Tekkie whispered. "I shall tell you in a moment. As for why we are in this closet, we are awaiting the appearance of the Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus!"

"And just what is that?" asked Bijou, beginning to get annoyed at the fact that she had just been pushed into a closet by some girl she had just met.

"Oh, it's a rare and wondrous beast!" Tekkie said excitedly. "It lives inside the cellar in certain houses, feeding on the mold that seeps in through the walls!"

"Bijou?" Pashmina said, trembling a bit. "D-do you r-really think there's such a thing as the S-Salt Sucking S-Sodiopterus?"

"Of course not." Bijou said. "Don't worry Pashmina, it's not real."

"Oh, but it is!" exclaimed Tekkie, clearly enjoying herself. "It rarely comes out of the cellar, but when it does, you'll know."

"And j-just how will we know?" Pashmina cried in a fearful tone.

"First of all, it has a distinct odor from the moment it enters the house." Explained Tekkie. "Kind of like salt and chicken."

Pashmina inhaled. "Eeeek!" she screamed. "I smell it! I smell it!"

"Pashmina." Bijou reminded her. "You're probably smelling my hair."

Remember, I spilled chicken soup on it and-"

"Did you say chicken soup?" Tekkie asked suddenly. "The Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus is attracted to the smell of salt. There's no doubt about it now, it's coming."

"B-Bijou I'm scared!" cried Pashmina, clinging to her friend.

"Get a grip, Pashmina, it's not real!" Bijou yelled.

"After it smells the salt," Tekkie acted like she'd never been interrupted. "You'll hear footsteps getting closer, and closer and-"

"Oh, this is ridiculous!" Bijou interrupted, shaking off the trembling Pashmina. "We're inside a cramped closet waiting for a creature that doesn't even exist! I'm going to go out there and prove that there's no such thing as a Salt-Sucking Sodi-whatever."

Bijou stood up in the closet and put her hand on the doorknob. Just then she heard a noise coming from the hall. Thumpâ€|thumpâ€|

"Then again," said Bijou sitting back down and looking a little frightened. "I guess it won't hurt to wait here for a little bit."

"It's coming!" Pashmina shrieked!

"I'll get my net!" Tekkie exclaimed, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a net that was way too big to fit. But Bijou and Pashmina were in no condition to question the laws of physics, they were too busy clinging to each other in fright!

The footsteps got closer and louder.

"Almost," said Tekkie. "Almostâ€|almostâ€|NOW!"

She held her net strongly and bounced out of the closet. She swung the net around the thing making the footsteps with great ease.

"Gotcha you beast!" Tekkie exclaimed triumphantly. "Girls! Come quick and see the specimen!"

Bijou and Pashmina, still shaking a bit, walked out of the closet and looked at the thing lying in the net on the floor. Well it wasn't a thing really. It was a girl around Bijou and Pashmina's age with flaming orange hair tied into a side ponytail.

"Well," said the girl in the net disdainfully. "This is a nice welcome wagon."

"Sandy!" Bijou and Pashmina cried, helping their friend out of the net.

"Darn it!" Tekkie swore loudly. "I was sure it was a Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus."

"Okay, who's the new girl?" Sandy asked the girls.

"Allow me to introduce myself!" said the girl. "I am Tekkie, computer genius extraordinaire!"

"Right, and why are you here?" Sandy asked.

"Yeah," said Pashmina. "That's right. You never told us why you were here!"

"Well," said Tekkie. "I was wondering whether I might see the computer."

"What, are you the computer repair person?" Sandy asked.

"No I'm, err, I mean yes!" Tekkie said. "I'm here to fix the computer!"

"Mrs. Teriyaki didn't say anything about a repair person." Bijou said. "Oh well, I think the computer's this way."

Bijou lead Tekkie into the computer room and left her there. When she returned to the hall, Pashmina and Sandy were gone. She had no trouble finding them in the bathroom, following the various shrieks of "Ooo!" and "This is gorgeous!"

Pashmina and Sandy were rummaging through Mrs. Teriyaki's nail polish bag. Pashmina was examining a bottle of deep pink polish and Sandy clasped a vivid red bottle.

"Here Bij." Pashmina handed Bijou a bottle of cornflower blue paint. "I found the perfect color for you!"

"Uh, guy," said Bijou. "Should we really be rummaging through the drawers? I don't think that Mrs. T. would like it very much if we used her nail polish."

"Aw, come on Bij." Sandy told her. "She won't care. It's the least she can do for making you baby-sit _them._"

"I guess you're right." Bijou agreed. "But speaking of Pretzel and Cinnamon, who's going to watch them while we're painting our nails?"

"Why don't we just shove them into the room with Tekkie?" suggested Pashmina.

"Agreed." Bijou sighed. "But what did Tekkie ever do to you?"

"For starters," Pashmina began. "She locked us in a closet."

"Yeah, and she caught me in a net." Sandy added.

"Not to mention she totally freaked you and me out." Said Pashmina.

"Alright, alright." Bijou gave in. "Pretzel! Cinnamon!"

The two small children appeared outside the bathroom door, Pretzel was wearing a pair of underwear on his head, and Cinnamon was wearing a bra stuffed with what looked like peanut butter.

"You two go in here!" exclaimed Bijou, pushing them into the computer room and shutting the door behind her.

"Now," said Pashmina, holding up her bottle. "Let the fun begin!"

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After being shoved into the room, Pretzel and Cinnamon walked up to Tekkie who was sitting on the computer.

On the screen was a large sign that said 'CIA Mainframe' and another little bubble that said 'You do not have permission to access this site.' Tekkie typed a few numbers and letters and another bubble appeared on the screen that said 'Welcome to the CIA's top secret government site.'

"What you doing?" Pretzel asked Tekkie.

"Oh, hello inferior child!" Tekkie waved at Pretzel. "Because your brain has not fully developed yet, it won't hurt to tell you what I'm doing. I'm hacking into the CIA's website. I have to do it here because my laptop broke down. Just a little experiment, but don't tell anyone!"

"Okay!" Pretzel saluted Tekkie.

"Whee!" cried Cinnamon, staring out the window. "Flashy lights!"

Indeed, several police cars were lined up outside the house. One policeman stepped out of the car and shouted into a megaphone. "Attention Tekkie Larkson, you are under arrest for hacking into the CIA! Come out with no struggle and your hands up!"

"Oh crud!" Tekkie swore.

"We are breaking down the door! Repeat: We are breaking down the door!" the policeman called back.

A huge crash followed the man's words. A beefy uniformed man entered the house and found the bathroom where Pashmina, Bijou and Sandy were painting their nails.

"Have any of you ladies seen a girl names Tekkie?" he asked. All three girls pointed to the computer room.

A few seconds later, Tekkie came dashing out of the room. The cop tried his best to follow her, but she was too fast for him. Just when Tekkie thought she was going to get away, Cinnamon and Pretzel leapt out from nowhere and sprang onto her.

"Piggyback!" they both yelled, sitting on her shoulders and causing Tekkie to tumble to the floor.

"Thank you kids." The policeman told them, handcuffing Tekkie.

"Did you know," Tekkie spoke to the policeman. "That old handcuffs

used to be made out of the same metal as-

But the door promptly shut so the girls never got to know what the rest it was. Tekkie was pushed into the police car and driven away. Far, far away.

"Serves her right!" Pashmina said, crossing her arms.

"Yeah," agreed Sandy, "but that leaves Pretzel and Cinnamon alone."

"Well," said Bijou. "We're all done with our nails, so I suppose we should find something for them to do."

"Let's just sit them down in front of the TV so we can go do our hair." Suggested Pashmina.

Sandy and Bijou agreed, so they turned on the TV and sat Pretzel and Cinnamon on the couch, then they went off into the bathroom.

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Pretzel and Cinnamon got bored with the TV quite easily and went off in the house. Pretzel remembered Tekkie and went into the computer room. Tekkie had forgotten her bag, and Pretzel and Cinnamon began to rummage through it. Pretzel picked up a cell-phone.

"Ooo! Shiny buttons!" he cried, pressing random buttons.

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In the bathroom, Bijou had managed to get the nasty yellow color out of her hair. Unfortunately, she still smelled like canned soup. She was about to use some 'Smell Be Gone' hair spray, when the cell-phone in her purse began to ring.

"Hello?" she said into the phone.

"Hi Bijou," said a voice. "This is Hamtaro."

She ignored the suspicious note in Hamtaro's voice and said "Oh, Hamtaro! What's up?"

"I have something very important to tell you Bijou." Hamtaro said.

Bijou's eyes shined brightly. "What is it, Hamtaro?"

"I need to tell you that Iâ€¦"

"Yes!" Bijou muttered.

"Loveâ€¦"

"Yes!" she said again.

"Lollypops!" Hamtaro, or Pretzel, as Bijou now realized, laughed happily into the phone.

"PRETZEL!" Bijou yelled. She slammed her phone onto the sink and ran off into the direction of the mad laughter.

At the sight of her, Pretzel and Cinnamon ran into the kitchen and leapt onto the table.

"Bijou!" Pashmina and Sandy cried.

They both grabbed one of Bijou's arms and held her back.

Now Cinnamon, still standing on the table and laughing along with Pretzel, grabbed the phone and dialed another number.

"Hello Stan." She spoke into the phone. "This is Pashmina. I wanted to tell you that you are the cutest boy I've ever met and I love you!"

"LET ME AT HER! I'LL CLAW HER EYES OUT!" Pashmina screamed, dropping Bijou's arm and attempting to jump onto the table.

"Girls!" Sandy scoffed, who was now holding both of them by the arms.

The Cinnamon dialed another number, this time speaking with a valley girl accent.

"Maxwell, this is Sandy. I want to tell you that I never want to see you again! You're a geek and the worst boyfriend ever! We are so breaking up!"

"YAAAAHHH! SHE'S GONNA GET IT!" Sandy shouted, forgetting about restraining Bijou and Pashmina, and launched herself at the two children. Pretzel and Cinnamon giggled and jumped off the table. They scurried into the next room.

"Oh Pretzel," muttered Bijou in a voice like poisoned honey.

"Cinnamon," Pashmina called.

"Come out, come out wherever you are!" Sandy yelled. The three girls ran after Pretzel and Cinnamon, and the chase was on!

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Well, I'd say that was a pretty good chapter! I'll see you all in my next chapter or update or oneshot or whatever! Please review! Signed, cappyandpashy4ever.

4. A Game of Cat and Mouse and err, Dog

**That's right, after a ridiculously long wait, here's the next installment of this wonderful fic! This chapter is bound to be funny

and humorous beyond your wildest dreams! I'd also like to give a shout out to my friend Kate, because she's having her birthday party on Friday! Happy B-day Kate! On with the fic!**

****Chapter 4: A Game of Cat and Mouse and err, Dog****

"PRETZEL!" Bijou screamed, knocking over a table.

"CINNAMON!" Pashmina and Sandy yelled in unison.

"BIJOU PASHMINA SANDY!" Pretzel and Cinnamon cried, obviously thinking this was some kind of game.

Of course, this did nothing but make the three girls angrier, and they charged with gritted teeth and clenched fists. Unfortunately, just as they were about to spring upon their prey, they collided with two figures that had just entered the door.

Pashmina happened to fall on one of them, who said: "Well, well, well. I see you were not lying, Pashy babe! You do have the hots for me!"

Of course, it turned out to be Stan, and that could mean the second one wasâ€¦

"Maxwell!" Sandy cried, throwing a hug around her boyfriend's (or rather ex-boyfriend's) neck.

"Oh, so now you decide to like me all of a sudden!" Maxwell spat, sounding hurt and slapping Sandy's hand away from him. Sandy noticed that he was crying slightly.

"Ugh, Stan you pervert!" Pashmina added disgustedly, pushing Stan off her. (A/N Sorry to all you Stan/Pash lovers, but this is not a romance fic!)

"Maxwell! You've gotta believe me!" Sandy pleaded. "That wasn't me on the phone! It was that runt Cinnamon!" Sandy pointed her finger towards the place where Cinnamon was. Now I say 'was' because Cinnamon was sure not there now!

"Wait, where'd she go?" Pashmina asked.

"They left!" Bijou said. "While you guys were too busy talking to your boyfriends, they ran away."

"He is not my boyfriend!" Pashmina yelled.

"And this heartbreaker is certainly not my girlfriend!" Maxwell announced.

"Come on Maxy!" Sandy argued. "It wasn't me! I love you and you know it so please accept the fact that it was not me!"

"Well, okay Sandy, I'll believe you. You're not one to beg."

"Aw, I like, knew you'd come through Maxy!" Sandy exclaimed, happily ruffling his hair.

"But wait," said Stan with a look of strained thinking on his face.

"If Cinnamon was the one who called Maxwell, that means thatâ€¦"

"Yes." Pashmina finished. "It was Cinnamon who called you, not me."

"Oh." Was all Stan could manage. His prominent orange ears drooped a few inches as a sad expression appeared on his face.

"Don't worry Stan." Sighed Bijou. "You'll find your true love someday."

"You're right!" Stan exclaimed, returning to his normal cheery self. "Say, Bijou babe, would you like to-"

"Don't even try it Stan." Said Bijou, acting annoyed. "When I said that, I didn't mean me!"

"Come on Stan, we really should be going." Maxwell told him.

"Oh no you don't!" Pashmina said, dragging Maxwell and Stan back by the collars. "You two are going to stay and help us baby-sit!"

Maxwell sighed. "Darn, I was hoping you'd forget to ask. I can see why you guys need help though, because Pretzel and Cinnamon are a major handful."

"Well, and I've always wanted to say this: they went that-a-way!" Bijou told Maxwell, Stan, Sandy and Pashmina, pointing to the hallway.

The five friends toddled lightly through the hall, checking every room. They arrived at the door to the basement, only to discover that it was locked.

"Aha! They must be in here!" Stan said. "But how are we gonna get in?"

Stan's question was answered a few moments later, however, when Pretzel yelled from down the basement stairs: "We have hostage! You may rescue her, but only one may go!"

"A hostage? I didn't think Pretzel and Cinnamon capable of that sort of thing." Maxwell said.

"They're probably just kidding around." Said Pashmina. "But still, for the sake of it all, one of us should go down. I wonder what the hostage is. A teddy bear or a broom or something."

"Yeah, but like, who will go?" asked Sandy.

Stan cried out: "I volunteer!"

Stan walked to the door, and he had his hand on the knob when Bijou said, "Be careful Stan!"

Bijou hugged Stan for his bravery, but she regretted it as soon as Stan turned around and pushed Bijou right into the door!

"Ha-ha! She fell right for that one!" Stan said happily.

"Whoa, that was cold, even for you Stan." Said Sandy. Pashmina nodded in agreement.

"Would either of you like to take her place?" Stan offered with a smirk.

"Uh, no thanks." Pashmina answered for both of them.

"Well we're just gonna have to wait and see what happens." Maxwell sighed.

And so they did. They waited.

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"Ooo, that Stan is gonna get it!" Bijou scoffed, slamming her fist against the wall. "But I guess it's up to me now."

Bijou walked down the stairs until she reached the floor, and a colorful sight, well it was more like an explosion, met her eyes.

The Teriyaki's basement was by no means unimpressive. The floor was covered in lime green shag carpeting that was covered in an array of toys, games, and what looked like pieces of broken machinery. Pretzel and Cinnamon sat in the center, and hanging from the rafters by her ankles, tied up in her blanket wasâ€¦

"Penelope!" Bijou yelled, rushing over to her young friend. "Are you okay?"

"Let's seeâ€¦" said Penelope. "I came over here to tell Pashmina her cookies were done, when I was ambushed by two children, tied up in my own blanket, and left to dangle from the rafters upside down. OF COURSE I'M NOT OKAY!"

"Right, I'll get you down now." Bijou shrugged. She approached Penelope, but was stopped by Pretzel and Cinnamon.

"You shall not pass!" Cinnamon exclaimed. "Unless you fight for it!"

"Fight? What do I have to fight?" Bijou questioned.

"You must defeat Barfo the great!" exclaimed Pretzel.

The two children led Bijou over to a small playpen, where a box lay. Something stirred inside it. Bijou gulped.

"Barfo the great, be released!" Pretzel yelled, tipping over the box.

And out of the box cameâ€¦a puppy.

"Ha!" Bijou laughed. "So this is your dog Barfo! Hey wait, why is his name-

But her question was answered, for at that exact moment, Barfo opened his mouth, and puked all over the carpet. The next thing he did was sniff the puke-puddle, and roll in it. Then the puppy noticed Bijou, and came running towards her.

"Ahhh!" Bijou screamed. "Vomit puppy!"

Bijou ran from Barfo, and he followed her. And when she ran under Penelope, Penelope happened to fall at that exact moment, right on top of him.

"Thanks Penny!" Bijou said, about to hug her, but deciding not to after seeing her covered in vomit.

"You're welcome Bijou." Penelope said sarcastically. She dropped her blanket on the floor just as Pretzel and Cinnamon came over to them.

"You have defeated Barfo the great! You may pass!" they said in unison.

"Let's get out of here Penny!" Bijou told her. Penelope agreed, and they walked out of the basement with Pretzel and Cinnamon following them.

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Penelope escaped out the front door just as Sandy and the others came up to her. "Bij! You made it!" exclaimed Sandy, hugging her friend. "But what's that smell?"

"I'll explain later." She responded. "But right now, we have to find some way of occupying these two!"

"Why don't we sit them down in front of a Pay-Per-View movie?" Pashmina suggested.

"Alright." Bijou agreed. She lead Pretzel and Cinnamon to the TV room and began searching for a movie.

"Let's see," she muttered to herself. "Happy Meadow Ponies of- blah blah blah." Said Bijou, not bothering to read the rest of the title. She pressed the 'buy' button and left the room.

"So, like, what can we do with all this free time?" Sandy asked.

"Oh, I have a perfect idea girls." Bijou said. She whispered into Pashmina and Sandy's ears, and a wide smile appeared on all their faces.

"Come on Stan," said Pashmina, gesturing towards the bathroom. "Let's do it!"

"Oh, I get what you mean!" exclaimed Stan with a smirk.

"No! Not that you freak!" Pashmina yelled. "This is much

better."

And without warning, Stan was being pushed into the bathroom by all three girls. They tied him to a chair with various rolls of tape, and Sandy took out a small red purse.

"Oh Stan!" Maxwell cried. "You're in for it now." Maxwell had seen the purse many times before when Sandy was preparing for a date. He sat on the sink to watch.

"What's going on?" Stan sounded worried.

"Oh nothing." Bijou said. "Just consider it payback for when you pushed me into the basement.

Bijou, Sandy and Pashmina all approached him with items in their hands. When Stan realized what they were holding, he nearly screamed. Okay, so he did scream.

"NOOOOOOO!" he yelled.

"Poor Stan." Maxwell sighed. "Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. Nothing to do but sit back and enjoy the show!"

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Oooo! What's going to happen to Stan? And what happens when Pretzel and Cinnamon's movie doesn't go as planned? Poor Bijou, she really should have read the rest of that title! And don't worry, D.L. Lion. You-know-who will appear in the next chapter! Luv you all and thanks for reading!

5. The Horror of the Ponies!

GRAAAAA! Some bastard reported Ham-Ham Interviews, so I'm taking out all my anger by making this chapter extra funny! It's bad because my most popular and funny story is gone, but I guess I'll just have to handle it like my pal Tsubaki when his stories got deleted. I got rid of some of my other fics because I was worried they might get reported too. On with the fic, and I hope none of you ever forget Ham-Ham Interviews! Oh, and thanks to D. L. Lion for letting me use her character!

Chapter 5: The Horror of Ponies!

"Well Stan, we're finished!" cried Bijou, smirking happily.

Stan took a quick look in the mirror.

"AHHHHHHHHH! What have you done to my beautiful face!" Stan yelled, looking in the mirror.

Stan's lips were coated in several layers of pink gloss. His hair stood in curls and blue sparkly eye shadow shone on his eyelids. In fact, it was almost impossible to tell Stan from Sandy now!

"We just gave you a little makeover, Stanny-wanny!" said Sandy,

pinching his cheek.

"Hey Maxwell?" Stan said. "How's about we give you a makeover too?"

"Great idea Stan!" said Pashmina.

"Yeah Maxy," Sandy smiled. "Let's do it!"

"Uh, errâ€¦" Maxwell looked worried. "Hey, what's that sound?"

"Oh yeah, like that one's gonna work on us." Said Stan harshly.

"No, listen!" insisted Maxwell.

Stan, Pashmina, Sandy and Bijou all perked up their ears. Indeed, there was a faint sound coming from the TV room.

"What is it?" asked Stan.

"I think it's the TV." Answered Maxwell. "What movie did you put on again, Bijou?"

"The happy ponies of something or other. It looked good for them so I didn't bother reading the rest of the title." Said Bijou.

"It doesn't look like happy ponies to me!" cried Pashmina from the door. They all followed her into the room. On the TV was the most graphic display of violence, swearing and inappropriate content they had ever seen!

"Go General Trots-a-lot!" shouted Pretzel to a pony on the television. "Pretzel is rooting for you!"

"No way!" Cinnamon argued. "Cin knows that Lieutenant Truffle Toes will win!"

Bijou looked in the TV guide.

"Let's see. The one hour premiere of the Happy Meadow Ponies ofâ€¦Super Dangerous Nuclear Weapons of Doom! Oh crud!"

Bijou quickly switched off the TV, but the damage was done.

"That was best show ever!" shouted Pretzel.

"Yeah!" agreed Cinnamon. "Does Pret think that us could be super fighter ponies like that?"

"To save the planet from nuclear scourge, we must!" exclaimed Pretzel, saying the first complete sentence of the night.

Pretzel and Cinnamon raced into their rooms with a determined look on their faces.

"This doesn't look good." Gulped Pashmina.

"Come on, Pashy baby." Stan said. "What's the worst they could do?"

Stan's question was answered in a flash. Pretzel and Cinnamon chose that exact moment to jump out of the room. Pretzel was covered in what looked like cat litter and was wearing a pair of extremely ugly red overalls. Cinnamon stood next to him sporting her hair in seven ridiculous pigtails and wearing a tie and a lacy hat.

"I am Twinkle Dancer, pony of destruction!" shouted Cinnamon, taking out a staple gun from under her hat.

"And I am Sir Pony Punch, pony of chaos! Also blueberry pie!" raged Pretzel, also taking a staple gun from the pocket of his overalls.

"WE WILL DEFEAT YOU!" they both screamed, raising their staple guns at the five teenagers.

At this time, many of you may be wondering WHAT THE HECK two little kids are doing with a staple gun! However, if you were Sandy, Stan, Bijou, Pashmina or Maxwell, and knew Pretzel and Cinnamon, unfortunately, very well, you'd know that anything is possible with these children. You'd also know to ruuuuuuuuuunnnnnn!

Sandy and Stan dodged behind a chair, Maxwell dived under the table, and Bijou and Pashmina hid behind the door.

"You shall not escape, Pony Force Four!" Pretzel yelled, launching a couple of staples across the room.

"Meow!" purred the cat, strolling into the room.

"Sir Pony Punch!" spoke Cinnamon to Pretzel. "It's our arch nemesis, Dr. Catty!"

The next thing they knew, the 'pony fighters' had stapled the little furball to the wall!

"Meeeroww!" hissed the cat, obviously complaining, as being stapled to the wall is probably not very comfortable.

"We have defeated you, Dr. Catty!" exclaimed Cinnamon.

"It's Professor Catty, not Dr." spoke the cat. "And I've had it with you two!"

A blinding light followed, and when the light cleared, the cat was gone, and in its place was a tall woman with gray hair and silver glasses perched high on her prominent nose. Atop her wispy gray ears sat a black witches hat.

"Professor Catty!" exclaimed Bijou, stepping out from her hiding place. "What's going on?"

"Quit simple really." Answered the witch. "I can transform into a cat, as you may as well know. I was wandering the streets as a cat, when these two brats seized me and brought me home as a pet! I've tried to escape, but I always get caught. And now I've come to the last straw!"

"I remember you!" said Stan, also arising from his hiding place. "You're that chick with the freaky wand thingy!"

"For lack of a better description, yes." Responded Catty.

"Can you cast a spell to get us out of this mess?" asked Maxwell.

"Of course I can!" Catty snapped. She raised her wand and cried, "Ameretto Bruchet-"

But Catty was stopped, for just at that moment, Pretzel and Cinnamon fired staples at her wand. The wand went flying out of her hands and attached itself to the wall, up extremely high.

"Oh great!" exclaimed Bijou. "This is just great! Now we're all going to be blasted to bits!"

"Don't give up just yet!" said Catty. "If there's anything I remember about these children, it's that they have extremely short attention spans!"

"You're right!" said Pashmina. "All we need to do is distract them!"

"Hey Pretzel!" said Stan randomly. "Wanna go on a treasure hunt?"

"Treasure hunt!" yelled Pretzel and Cinnamon, flailing their arms madly.

"Okay," Stan began, pulling out a piece of paper from his pocket. "The treasure map says, take four paces east."

Pretzel and Cinnamon took four steps and then said, "What next?"

"Then go into the closet and sit there for ten minutes." Stan told them.

The two children slipped happily into the door, and not a word was heard from them.

"Wow, smart idea Stan!" Pashmina complemented him. "It's too bad it's only for ten minutes though. What can we do to pass the time?"

"I have an idea." Said Stan, smiling naughtily at Pashmina.

"I should go check on Pretzel and Cinnamon now!" Pashmina said, running away from Stan and towards the closet.

"It's okay Stan," said Bijou, patting his shoulder. "I'm sure you'll find love someday."

"Hey Bijou babe," Stan asked, giving her the same smile. "How's about we-"

"Pashmina! Wait for me!" Bijou called, rushing towards Pashmina.

"So," said Stan, turning towards Professor Catty. "For a seventy five year old woman, you look only sixty nine."

"Excuse me Stanley," Said Catty looking disgusted. "But I have some business to attend to in Professor Elder Ham's office."

With a loud pop, Professor Catty had vanished.

"I cannot believe that you're so desperate to get a girl that you hit on an old lady!" Sandy said to Stan.

"It was a moment of weakness!" Stan said angrily. "But man, why is everyone running away from me today?"

"Well," said Maxwell. "It's either because A) you're a pervert or B) you still have makeup on."

Sandy laughed and she and Maxwell left the room, leaving Stan alone.

Stan washed the makeup off before saying to himself, "I'm so bored! What am I supposed to do now? I mean I'm in a house, all alone with a full fridge, and tons of blueberry pie and"

Stan stopped there and slapped himself in the face.

"Gosh I'm an idiot!" He said, and shortly after, ran into the kitchen.

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"They haven't said anything in a while" Pashmina said, leaning against the closet door.

"Yeah, maybe we should go check on them." Bijou agreed. Together, the girls pushed open the door.

Inside was a small, cramped closet, and on the floor sat Pretzel and Cinnamon who looked up as Bijou and Pashmina entered.

"You playing treasure hunter us with?" Pretzel asked.

"Err, not exactly." Bijou said. But she was unable to clarify because at that moment a huge shriek of horror came from Pashmina.

"EEEEEEKK!" she yelled, flailing her arms.

"What is it Pash?" asked Bijou.

"Sp-sp-SPIDER!" Pashmina shrieked, pointing at her head where a large, black, hairy spider sat.

"AHHHHH!" Bijou yelled. "I hate spiders! Help!"

"It okay." Pretzel reassured the girls. "That just Cinnamon's stuffed spider Oscar!"

Pashmina removed the stuffed toy from her hair and handed it to Cinnamon with an angry look on her face.

"Well, that was just-" began Pashmina, until she was interrupted.

This time it was Bijou who screamed.

Pashmina saw a spider on her head and said, "Relax Bij. It's another stuffed spider, right Pretzel?"

"No." he answered. "That Nami, Pretzel's pet spider. Come here Nami spider friend!"

The spider leapt from Bijou's hair and into Pretzel's arms.

"Okay, that's it!" screamed Bijou. "Pashmina, we're out of here!"

The two girls ran out of the closet.

"Man, I hope Stan's not having as bad a time as we are." Said Pashmina with a thoughtful expression.

"What? You actually feel sorry for that pervert?" Bijou said.

"Wellâ€¦" Pashmina started. "I dunno. I mean, when he hits on me I feelâ€¦"

But Pashmina couldn't finish her sentence, for at that moment they crashed into a certain couple and fell to the ground.

"Maxwell! Sandy!" said Bijou. "Where've you guys been?"

"We were making ou- I mean reading Shakespeare!" Sandy cried.

"But Sandy, you told me you hated-"

But Sandy stopped Maxwell and whispered something into his ear.

"Oh right!" Maxwell said. "We were reading Shakespeare! To be or not to be!"

Pashmina and Bijou would have spoken up, if it weren't for a huge BUUUURRRRPPPP coming from the kitchen!

"What the heck?" yelled Sandy.

The four teenagers ran into the kitchen. The fridge was hanging open and empty and Stan stood swooning up and down, barely staying on his feet, and blue goop hanging from his mouth.

"Oh, hi _hic_ ladies." He said, swaying from side to side. Then, without warning, he toppled over onto the kitchen floor.

"What's wrong with him?" Pashmina asked.

Maxwell bent down and looked at Stan for a minute. Then he looked up again.

"Maxwell, what's happening to my brother?" Sandy asked with a look of

horror.

"I've come to a conclusion." Maxwell said, avoiding eye contact with her. "But you won't like it at all!"

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Dun dun dun! What's going to happen to Stanny-wanny? And I hope you noticed this, Ham-Kelly, but I snuck a teeny weeny bit of SP into this chapter, and there will also be some in the beginning of the next chapter. Thank you all for reading! I'd also like to say a late birthday greeting to Stan and Sandy! I don't know how old you guys are, but I sure love ya! Be sure to review and stay tuned for the next chapter!

6. Clowns, Closets, and Nasty Conclusions

Yep, another day, another chapter! Since I left you all itching to find out what happens to Stan, I know you're all are ready for this chapter! Wa-hoo!

**Recap: "I've come to a conclusion," said Maxwell, avoiding eye contact with her. "But you won't like it at all!"**

Chapter 6: Clowns, Closets, and Nasty Conclusions

Sandy gulped. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," Maxwell said gravely. "That the worst has come upon us. Stan seems to be in some sort of sugar coma. I'm not certain if he'll ever wake up!"

"Oh Stan!" cried Sandy, flinging her arms around Stan's neck. "Why did you have to go like this? Why?" She began to cry desperately.

But then, Stan gave a HUGE snore and rolled over. Then his eyes opened. "What's going on here, sis?" he asked Sandy.

"Maxwell? You said he was going to die!" Sandy yelled.

"Or he could've been, um, just sleeping?" Maxwell said.

"Maxwell!" Sandy slapped Maxwell.

"Stan!" Maxwell hit Stan.

"Pashy babe!" Stan slapped Pashmina on her butt.

"Pervert!" yelled Pashmina. But though she hit him hard on the arm, she was barely able to hide a note of relief in her voice.

"We wanna play!" shouted Pretzel and Cinnamon who had just appeared by the door. They thought it was a game and dived on the group, slapping everyone as hard as they could.

"You're all idiots!" yelled Bijou, hastily picking up both Pretzel

and Cinnamon by their ears and thrusting them into the closet. She made a clicking noise with her teeth and said, "There! I've locked you in!"

As Bijou walked back to the group, Sandy hissed, "Bij, I don't like, think there's a lock on that door!"

"I know." Bijou smiled, receiving strange glances from everyone. "But they don't know that now, do they?"

"You're a genius, Bijou! Even by my standards." Maxwell grinned.

Stan, Maxwell, Sandy, Pashmina and Bijou went off to relax and watch TV.

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"Hey Bij," Pashmina asked a bit later in front of the television. "It's been a while, what do you think Pretzel and Cinnamon are doing in there?"

"Good question." She responded, giving it a good thought. "I'm sure they've found something to entertain themselves. I mean, if the vacuum leads to a different world, I have yet to imagine what could be in theâ€|closetâ€|oh my goshâ€|"

Bijou's eyes grew wide, visions of all the terrible things that could be happening to Pretzel and Cinnamon right now! What if they were eaten by a giant squid? What if a mad murderer with a chainsaw killed them? Or worse, what if they came back as ghosts to haunt Bijou and make sure she never babysat again?

"Hang on you two! I'm a-coming!" Bijou called down the hall.

The closet door slammed against the wall as the French girl threw open the door and into the closet. Inside, it was pitch black.

"Pretzel, Cinnamon?" she whispered, but no reply came. She grabbed the doorknob with fear in her heart, and walked out.

When she looked around, she noticed that it was definitely **not **the door she came in. A gigantic audience sat in rows and rows of stands before a stage that resembled a kitchen. And sitting in the front row of said stands was, you guessed itâ€|

Barney.

Nah, just kidding. It was reallyâ€|

"Pretzel! Cinnamon!" Bijou yelled with relief in her voice.

"Bijou lady person!" cried the troublesome two together. "You just in time for show-show!"

"A show?" Bijou pondered, looking up at the stage. "Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to sit down and watch for a whileâ€|" She took a

seat.

In a few minutes, a figure appeared on the stage and met loud applause.

"Thank you all for coming here tonight!" spoke the woman to the audience. "I'm Hamtha Stewart (Parody of Martha Stewart) and I hope you have a great time here! Let's start by calling up some volunteers!"

Hamtha scanned the audience and her eyes wandered to Pretzel and Cinnamon, the two buffoons in the front row, waving their hands madly yelling, "Pick us! Pick us! We like blueberry pie!"

"Well, how about you two rascals in the front row?" Hamtha pointed to them.

"YAY!" the siblings yelled, skipping up to the stage.

"Okay you two," Hamtha spoke. "Let's start off by telling me your names and-"

"Piggyback!" Cinnamon and Pretzel leapt onto her back, pulling her hair and ripping her sweater terribly.

Hamtha managed to maintain a smile as she pulled them off her, but it was obvious that she was not too pleased. "Now, tell me your names, children." She said with a cheery smile.

"Pretzel!" Cinnamon said, putting her hand on her forehead in a salute.

"Cinnamon!" Pretzel also saluted her.

"My, my, what lovely names!" Hamtha smiled again, patting them each on the head. "Now, the dish we're preparing today is fresh blueberries in a delightful flaky crust, but you may know it as blueberry pie."

Pretzel and Cinnamon practically exploded with excitement. "BLUEBERRY PIE!"

"Yes, yes, pie is exciting." Hamtha trotted over to the stove on the set. "Now, Cinnamon, can you come and help me pour the flour?"

"Yes m'am!" Pretzel and Cinnamon both came running.

"Now Pretzel," Hamtha told Cinnamon. "You'll have your turn next. I asked for Cinnamon, not you Pretzel."

"Oh, okay!" Pretzel scurried away.

"No! Cinnamon, come back!" Hamtha stated.

"But me is right here." Cinnamon told her, looking neglected.

"No, you're Pretzel, right?" Hamtha was looking puzzled.

"Yes, me Pretzel." Pretzel called from the other side of the stage.

"Yes, me Pretzel!" Cinnamon also said.

"I DON'T CARE!" Hamtha snapped. "You with the cream fur, knead the crust! You with the brown fur, wash the blueberries!"

The two hamsters happily jogged to their positions and started their jobs.

"Well," Hamtha spoke to the audience. "Now that those two are at their positions, I can tell you all about a little recipe for-"

Splat! Hamtha stopped speaking as a huge wad of dough hit the back of her head. She turned around to see the two volunteers throwing dough at each other!

In a few second's time, the entire set was covered with sloppy wet dough!

"That's it!" Hamtha snapped. "You two have ruined my set, and the show, and worst of all, you ripped the sweater that my mommy made for me! You make me so mad! Soâ€|veryâ€|madâ€|"

Hamtha took a deep breath. For a second, it looked like she was calming down. Then, her whole figure seemed to bulge. Indeed, she was growing, bigger and bigger, until she looked quite deformed, but very threatening.

"I AM MEGA-HAMTHA!" her voice boomed. "LITTLE PESTS MUST BE EXTERMINATED!"

"Oh no you don't!" came a voice from the audience. Bijou padded up onto the stage and scooped up Pretzel and Cinnamon in her arms.

Punch! Kick! Pow! Mega-Hamtha laid on the stage, knocked out cold by Bijou's blows.

"Bijou girl save us!" Pretzel and Cinnamon cheered.

"Heyâ€|I guess I didâ€|" Bijou panted, as she was very out of breath. "Now, let's get out of here before something crazier happensâ€|"

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"Stanâ€|" Sandy poked her brother. "You've been staring at that TV screen for a long time now, will you please stop?"

"Mustâ€|watchâ€|violentâ€|TVâ€|" Stan mumbled, drooling a bit.

"It's no use, Sands." Pashmina told her. "I've been trying for ages, he won't-"

"I'm back!" Bijou called, springing into the room with Pretzel and Cinnamon in her arms.

"But did you have to bring those two back with you?" Stan muttered, finally turning away from the bloody show he was watching.

"Pashmina! Maxwell! Sandy! Jimmy!" Pretzel yelled, bouncing around.

"Did he just call me Jimmy?" asked Stan.

"Aw, just go back to watching your violent television, Stan." Bijou snapped at him.

"M'kay!" Stan turned back to his show.

"No!" Pashmina yelled. "Bij, we've been trying to get him to stop watching for a long time now!"

"Oops, sorry!" Bijou cried. "Stan, stop watching!"

"It's too late," Sandy told her briskly. "He's under a TV trance now."

"Stan!" Bijou yelled.

"STAN!" Sandy screamed.

"Oh Stanny," Pashmina said in a feminine tone. "I just spilled water all over my new white shirt. Won't you help me clean it up?"

Stan still didn't look away.

"Man, he really is in a trance." Pashmina said blankly. "What do we do now?"

"I have an idea," Maxwell smirked. "Hey Stan! Ronald McDonald just exploded!"

"WHERE?" Stan turned his head around at breakneck speed.

"Violent enough for you, Stan?" Maxwell grinned. "I knew that'd get your atten-"

KAA-BOOM! The group of teens ran outside to see a clown lying in the middle of the streets, covered in ash.

"I'mâ€|coughâ€|lovin' it!" said the clown.

"Well, that was convenient and disturbing!" Stan said loudly.

The group walked back in to meet Pretzel and Cinnamon, who both cried with a resounding tone, "We're bored!"

"How about a nice game of tic-tac-toe?" Stan suggested.

"Wow, that's the best idea you've ever had!" Pashmina complimented him.

2.5 seconds laterâ€|

Pretzel's ears stuck out of the giant suit he was wearing, which resembled the letter 'O'. Cinnamon looked no better in her 'X' shaped costume.

"TIC-TAC-TOE!" the siblings shrieked, running at full speed and body-slamming into each other. By now, a vase, three chairs, and a portrait of their Auntie Lucile was broken.

"Stan!" Pashmina yelled. "This is the worst idea you've ever had!"

"I didn't mean it like this!" Stan tries to say, but he was drowned out by the calls of Pretzel and Cinnamon.

"TIC-TAC-TO-AHHHHH!" the pair shouted, Pretzel having accidentally tripped on a corner of the rug and causing him and his sister to crash into the wall.

"Tell me again why you didn't let Mega-Hamtha eat them?" Sandy asked Bijou.

"Ah, I expect I wouldn't get paid if I'd let them get ripped to shreds." Bijou sighed.

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Pretzel and Cinnamon sat on the couch in full body-casts.

"We're gonna have a heck of a time explaining this to Mrs. Teriyaki." Pashmina gestured towards Pretzel and Cinnamon.

"Nah," Stan said. "They'll probably heal miraculously, bounce out of their casts, and land right on top of that angry prisoner in the doorway."

"Yeah, you're probably- wait, what figure in the doorway?" Bijou said chillingly.

All heads spun around to see a gangly girl wearing a striped prison outfit glaring at them.

"Oh my gosh!" Sandy shrieked. "It'sâ€¦it'sâ€¦!"

"Come now, girls." The figure spoke in a bloodcurdling voice. "Don't tell me you've forgotten my name alreadyâ€¦"

"Uh, Pretzel, Cinnamon, this would be a great time to head miraculously, bounce out of your casts and land right on top of that girl!" Maxwell said worriedly.

"Don't bother, fools." The girl said. "They won't be able to save you. Nothing can. Now, before I punish you, say my nameâ€¦"

"Tekkieâ€¦" all three girls spoke with horror.

"Good," Tekkie smiled evilly. "Now, prepare yourselvesâ€¦"

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So what's Tekkie up to? Well, she's mad, obviously, but what will she do to the gang? Please review! And if any of you noticed, when Bijou was wondering what happened to the kids, one of the things she thought up was, "What if they got eaten by a giant squid?"

I know some of you are thinking what I'm thinking, and yes, I put that there because I wrote this after I came home from 'Pirate's of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest.' I had to do something, the ending of that movie was so sad. Let's just say, calamari is a main food for me now.

Stupid Kraken. Anybody who hasn't seen the movie should go see it soon! IT ROCKS! I laughed! I cried! And cried and cried and criedâ€¦

~Mrs. Jack Sparrow AKA cappyandpashy4ever

7. A Love of Maxwell and Green Day

Welcome to chapter seven! I have several new ideas that will have you laughing out loud for sure! I can't believe I have almost 100 reviews with only 6 chapters! Make it over 100 with chapter seven guys!

Bijou's Babysitter Blues

Chapter 7: A Love of Maxwell and Green Day

"You'll never get away with this, Tekkie!" Stan yelled as he, like all the others, was tied to the couch by way of sticky tape.

"Of course I will!" Tekkie scowled in her nasally voice. "No one can stop me!"

"I know," Stan shifted his nose to adjust his sunglasses. "I just always wanted to say that."

"This is like, so not the time to be dramatic!" Sandy told her brother. "Does anyone have a clue about, like, what's gonna happen to us?"

"Not at all." Bijou and Pashmina sighed together.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to fill you in then!" Tekkie smiled devilishly.

"Fill us up! Fill us up!" Pretzel and Cinnamon yelled, their mouths hanging open.

"Lower life forms!" she smacked them both on the head and gave her attention to the teenagers. "Now, get ready for punishment!"

She picked up the remote and flicked it on.

"Wha-what's this?" asked Stan cautiously.

"A four hour documentary on the Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus!" she squealed with glee and took a seat on the couch.

"NOOOOOO!" Stan shouted. Everyone knew that educational things were definitely not his strong point.

"_Welcome to the Boring Science Fun Presentation." _Droned the voice on the screen. _"Today we will be discussing the topic of the Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus. This creature's main food supply is salt, so let us spend twenty minutes looking at detailed close-ups of salt crystals."_

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"Auuuuuggghhh!" Bijou moaned after watching an hour and a half of the horribly boring production. They had moved on from looking at salt crystals to examining pictures drawn by three year olds of what the Salt-Sucking Sodiopterus looked like.

"How are you all fairing out?" Tekkie smirked.

"Make it stop!" Sandy cried.

"Horrible, truly horrible." Stan said with his eyes wide.

"Actually I find this quite interesting." Maxwell said.

"Really?" Tekkie's head shot up and she walked over to Maxwell.

"Indeed." He said. "I particularly liked the forty-seventh salt crystal. Magnificent!"

Tekkie suddenly saw Maxwell in a whole different light. "You know!" she sighed. "You're really dreamy when you're thinking."

"What are you?" Maxwell began. But Sandy extended her elbow and hit him.

She hissed into his ear, "This is our chance! Play along with it!"

"Uh, thank you!" Maxwell said oddly. "Please, could you show me some more of this stuff?"

"Of course!" Tekkie cried happily, flushed with red. "Come with me!"

She pulled off the tape and led Maxwell by the hand into another room.

"Wait! Maxy, come back!" Sandy cried. "You were supposed to set us all free!"

"Don't fret Sandy," Stan said, pulling his hands out from behind his back. "I was waiting for a moment like this."

"Stan!" Pashmina said happily. "You escaped?"

"A long time ago." Stan said. "I just had to wait for Tekkie to leave."

He stood up, stretched his arms, and freed all the girls, as well as Pretzel and Cinnamon. Then, with one awesome move, he spun around and turned off the TV with his foot.

The girls could not help but be grateful and they all gave him a 'Thank You' to show it.

"Let's go rescue Maxwell now." Sandy said, a little worried. They found Maxwell and Tekkie in the kitchen, a bunch of videos scattered around them.

"And this," said Tekkie, holding up a videotape. "Is the two hour special on bacteria! It's one of my personal favorites."

Maxwell did not respond, he just looked severely annoyed. "Maxwell!" Sandy cried, happy to see that he was not enjoying himself.

"Sandy!" he said, hugging her. "This is humiliating! Help!"

"What?" Tekkie said, looking confusedly at Maxwell and Sandy. "Bodily confrontation by draping the arms tightly around each other's shoulders?"

"Uh, it's called a hug, girl." Sandy said, her eyebrows rising. "People do this. Well, normal people do this."

"What is this hug you speak of?" Tekkie said, putting a finger delicately on her glasses.

"Ugh," Pashmina spoke up. "We don't have this sort of time! Someone explain to her what a hug is!"

"Maxwell's the one with the dictionary." Stan said plainly. Everyone nodded and eventually, Maxwell was outnumbered.

"Oh, alright." He spat, taking out his dictionary from his bag. "Hug. Bodily contact between two people involving arms stretching across the shoulders of the other person. Sign of affection."

"I think it's really cool how you carry a dictionary around all the time." Tekkie said, spacing out a bit.

Apparently, nothing of what Maxwell said had gotten to her. However, Maxwell couldn't help feeling a little complemented.

"Why thank you!" he said happily. "I always keep it in my bag, right next to my formula for self creating energy!"

Tekkie's eyes scanned her surroundings, and then, with one quick motion, she darted her hand inside Maxwell's bag and pulled out a few sheets of paper.

"This is genius!" Tekkie said.

"Yes, I dare say it is. Now if you'll just give it back to-" Maxwell was cut off.

"Mine!" she swatted Maxwell's hands away and jumped off the table. Quickly, she snatched her bag and by the time she was running out the door, the teens could barely hear her screaming, "I'm rich! Rich, rich, rich!"

"Gee, sorry Maxwell." Sandy said, patting him on the back.

"Oh, it's okay Sandy!" Maxwell said cheerily. "At least I still have my documents on how to bring about world peace!"

He reached into his bag, but screamed in shock as Pretzel and Cinnamon popped their heads out of the bag, bits of paper in their mouth.

"Cinnamon and Pretzel eat funny white thingies with black scribbles!" Pretzel said dementedly. Cinnamon followed with a cheer.

"Now I'm ruined!" Maxwell cried, curling up in the corner.

"Don't worry Max!" Sandy cried. "I'm sure you have more things in your lab!"

"But," Maxwell walked over to his backpack. "This is my lab!"

He pressed a small button on the side of the backpack, and instantly, it transformed into a huge laboratory with lots of bubbling test tubes. Of course, everything was trashed thanks to Pretzel and Cinnamon.

"This is terrible!" Maxwell said sadly. "But maybeâ€|no, it's far too optimistic to think thatâ€|but maybe, I have to go check!"

"Maxwell," Bijou said. "What are you talking about?"

In response he led them to a platform in the middle of the lab. Then he punched in a code, and the platform lowered and brought them down into a small chamber. At the end of a chamber, there was a shimmering glass case. Maxwell walked down and removed the case.

"Yes!" he jumped in happiness. "It's still here!"

"What is it?" Pashmina's head poked above the rest to get a good look.

"My prize experiment!" Maxwell cried. "It's a portable interactive system with handheld playable features! I call it the GameBoy Advanced!"

Stan frowned. "Uh, dude, that thing's been outdated since like, three years ago."

"What?" was all Maxwell could mutter.

"It's already been invented." Bijou said sadly.

"Oh," Maxwell sounded disappointed. "Well, that was quite

embarrassing. Let's go back up now."

Maxwell hung his head. Just as they were heading up, the floor tilted, and they fell down! Not down on the floor, downâ€¦into the depths of the GameBoyâ€¦

Nobody acted the least bit surprised as they tumbled down the pitch-black vortex, landing in a heap upon a grassy area. In fact, Bijou even yawned as they fell.

"It figuresâ€¦" Pashmina scoffed as she picked herself up.

"Hmm, how do we get out?" Maxwell puzzled.

"Are you kidding?" Stan gave an exasperated look. "We're inside a freakin' video game and all you guys can think of is how to get out? It's our world in here! No one can tell us what to do or what to say, or what to eat!"

"That mean we can eat blueberry pie all day?" Pretzel asked Stan.

Stan nodded.

"BLUEBERRY PIE!" screamed Pretzel, as well as Cinnamon, and in a matter of seconds they had launched themselves onto Stan.

"Whaaoooo!" Stan mumbled, as he toppled backwards and tripped over something, smashing it to pieces.

"Who goes there?" called a voice from inside a bush.

"Gah!" Pashmina shouted. "There are other people here too?"

"Duh, it's a video game!" Sandy responded. "And this seems to be a really old game. Everything is 2-D. So that meansâ€¦"

Sandy walked over to the bush. Because it wasn't three dimensional, it was flat, and on the other side she saw a small blue figure. Sandy picked it up and held it out to her friends.

"Noâ€¦way! It's Sonic the Hedgehog!" Stan cried joyously. "I've been waiting for this day!"

"Oh no, it is I who've been waiting for this day!" Sonic exclaimed. "You, the hero who smashed the music box!"

Stan looked over his shoulder at the thing he had fallen on.

"Oops, sorry dude." He said.

"Don't be sorry!" Sonic said ecstatically. "I've been trying to destroy that thing forever!"

"Can't you just, you know, smash it with your superpowers?" asked Bijou.

"It seems that resident from this world cannot touch the music box." Sonic said. As a demonstration, he leaped at the smashed form of the

music box. A small shield formed around it and Sonic collided with it, scattering a rain of copper colored rings. "See?"

"Why would you want to destroy it in the first place?" asked Pashmina, lifting up Pretzel and Cinnamon to stop them from tossing the pieces of the music player.

"You try listening to the same cycle of music for days and night on end and tell me how you like it."

Everyone nodded except for Maxwell. Sandy noticed this and asked, "Max, you haven't said anything for a while. What's up?"

"The music wasn't just for sound effects." He stated plainly. "Look around."

Everyone stared into space. Pashmina noticed something wasn't right. The clouds weren't drifting off the screen to be replaced by more clouds. Small birds were frozen in midair. Even a few fireballs launched from enemy creatures had halted in space.

"I get it!" Pashmina cried. "The music-"

"Is what makes things move in the game." Maxwell finished. "Yes. The only reason Sonic wasn't frozen, I'm guessing, was because of his super speed."

"This is not good." Sonic said grimly. "Without the music, the game can't go on! But I can't stand one more second of that darn game music!"

"Here!" Sandy fished in her purse. "I have a CD."

Of course, something always happens to ruin a perfect plan, and at that moment, the things that ruined this plan were spelled P-R-E-T-Z-E-L and C-I-N-N-A-M-O-N. They leapt onto her back, just as they had with Stan, and the CD flew into the air and out of sight across the video game landscape.

"Great." She scowled.

"Not to worry!" Sonic said. "I believe in you guys! So here's my plan. Someway along the middle of the level, there's a secret area. The door only opens once every five second, so if we're lucky, the door will have been open at the time that the music stopped. Inside the door there's a sort of mini-level. I'm sure there's another boom box there. You guys go find the CD. I'll meet you all by the door."

Before anyone could say anything, Sonic had raced away on his speedy feet.

"Well, it looks like we have no choice." Bijou said sourly. "We have a quest to do!"

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Panting hardly, Stan mocked Bijou's words in a babyish tone. "We have

a quest to do! Quest schmest! I say we ditch this whole thing. We've been walking for over an hour, my feet are killing me, and I'm starving my butt of here!"

Pashmina, Sandy and Maxwell had similar looks on their faces. Bijou noticed this and nodded. "Fine. Let's take a little break."

Everyone sat down on a small bridge. Maxwell laid his head down on the grass, but sat quickly up, with an, "Ouch!"

He placed a hand on the grass and felt something hard. He brushed the dirt away to reveal a CD case!

"You found it Maxy!" Sandy hugged him tightly. "Now let's go find Sonic."

But Maxwell had barely begun to pry the CD case from the dirt when there was a huge rumbling noise. Then, out of the dirt poked an eyeball, followed by a long, slimy stalk and a huge body with tentacles that looked like they were made of jelly. The creature roared, splattering Maxwell and the others with saliva.

Everyone screamed except for Stan. The others went to run behind a tree, but Stan stood alone in front of the beast.

"Like, Stan! Get out of the way!" Sandy shrieked.

"Running away won't do any good sis." Stan told her. "If it's not frozen by now, it must be pretty fast. Anyway, this is a video game. Maybe, because we're here, Sonic's not the only one with powers."

And with that, he leapt into the air and pulled out his maracas from his pocket. He directed them towards the sun and shouted, "Sunbeam Reflection!"

The sunlight bounced off the surface of the maracas and into the monster's eye. It snarled but stayed standing.

"Sandy!" Stan cried out. "Back me up here! Just shout the first words that come to your mind!"

Sandy was ready. She stepped out from behind the tree and pulled out her ribbon, screaming, "Twirl Wind Attack!"

The ribbon spun so fast that it became a blur in front of Sandy. She stopped spinning abruptly, and directed the resulting tornado with a slap from her ribbon, sending it crashing into the monster. It howled with rage and lifted it off its feet, smashing it to the ground. It was getting tired but stood back up.

It was Pashmina's turn, and she bounded out from her hiding place and without fear, yelled, "Scarf Lasso!" She tore her scarf from around her neck, spinning it around in midair, and then sent it sailing towards the monster. The beast was trapped in the scarf and couldn't resist when Pashmina gave a thrust and it soared a few feet away, tumbling to the ground.

Maxwell didn't even wait for it to get up again. Instead he grabbed his dictionary and pointed it at the monster. "Gold leaf Attack!" The

book rose from the ground and grew bigger and bigger, finally reaching maximum size and opening wide. It crushed the monster in between its pages. But the monster was barely clinging to life.

"This is it!" Bijou screamed, removing her bows from her hair. "Blue Blaster!" she called, bursts of energy erupting from her bows and launching towards the monster. It didn't even have the energy to howl in pain now.

"One more should do it!" Stan called. "Let's try a combo attack!"

Maxwell, Sandy, Pashmina, Bijou and Stan stood in a circle and held their hands tightly. The words came clearly to their heads. "Rhythm Quintet! Finale ala Mode!"

The resounding sounds that came from the group of teenagers were enough to drive anyone mad, or in this case, destroy a monster. And that's what it did. The monster shattered into a million pieces, and the CD floated down from the sky, landing in Sandy's outstretched hands.

"Alright!" she said happily. "Let's go find Sonic."

In about ten minutes, they spotted the blue hedgehog standing by a small wooden plank.

"What took you guys so long?" Sonic asked.

"Monster troubles." Stan said. "So anyway, where's the door?"

"This is the door." Sonic said, gesturing towards the piece of wood on the ground. "We weren't so lucky. The music stopped while it was closed."

"I have an idea." Pashmina said. "What about Pretzel or Cinnamon? They must have an attack too, right?"

"Hey Cinnamon," Sandy pushed her on top of the wooden plank. "Wanna play a game?"

"Game!" she repeated, jumping up and down.

"Okay!" Sandy smiled. "To win the game, all you have to do is think, and shout the first words that come to your mind really loudly, okay?"

Cinnamon thought for a bit, and she yelled out, "Spice Mine!"

For a second, nothing happened. But then, a loud boom came from Cinnamon and a cloud of smoke appeared, surrounding her. When the smoke cleared, she was standing there, her face covered in ash.

"Game was fun!" Cinnamon shouted. "Can we do it ag-"

Cinnamon was cut off because at that moment, the plank beneath her snapped in two, and she tumbled down into the chamber.

"It worked!" Bijou and Pashmina said together, patting Sandy on her back.

Everyone climbed down into the chamber, where indeed, another music player was sitting. Sandy popped her CD into it, and 'America Idiot' poured out of the speakers.

"What is this?" asked Sonic blankly.

"It's called Green Day, dude!" Stan said. "What, you don't like it?"

"No!" Sonic cried. "It's much better than that other music. Thanks to you all, my world is restored and that evil music is gone!"

"Come on guys." Stan said, helping everyone out of the tunnel. "Let's go!"

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Everyone followed Stan to the same field they had fallen into the game on. He looked around and then sighed. "Darn it!"

"What, did you expect there to be a ladder leading to the real world?" Maxwell asked.

"Maybeâ€|" Stan said shyly.

"I think I know how to get us outta here." Pashmina said. "Pretzel hasn't used his attack yet, maybe it's something useful."

"Come on Pretzel!" Bijou said energetically. "Use your attack to uh, beat up the bad guys!"

Pretzel sat and scratched his head for a moment and then stood up. He put his arms on his waist and screamed, "BLUEBERRY PIE PORTAL!"

The result was instant. Everyone felt themselves tumble into blackness and felt the familiar feeling of tumbling to the ground in a heap.

"Finally we're home!" Bijou cried happily. But once she got a look around she wasn't so perky.

"Uh Bij," Sandy said. "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

"Not in Kansas?" Maxwell yelled. "Of course we're not in Kansas!"

"Whoa Maxwell, why the sudden rage?" Stan asked.

"Don't you get it?" he spat angrily. "I don't know where we are! We could be anywhere. In fact, I'm not even sure we're on Earth anymoreâ€|"

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****Longest chapter ever! Yay! I hope you all managed to struggle through it! The next chapter will be the next to last, so be ready for it!****

****~cp4ever****

8. The Nega Universe: Part One

****Oo, wow, this took a while to update. Oh well, welcome to the penultimate chapter of Bijou's Babysitter Blues! This chapter, if I do say so myself, will be absolutely hilarious, so read and review for sure!****

****Chapter 8: The Nega-Universe: Part One****

"Heh, uh, Maxwell, quit it with the jokes okay?" Stan gulped out into the darkness.

Maxwell spoke gravely. "I'm not joking Stan. I really don't think this is Earth anymore!"

Everyone gulped, leading to a long silence, until finally, Sandy spoke.

"Okay, this is ****really **bad!**" she said with panic. "I can't be not on earth anymore! I like, have a gymnastics tournament next week!"

"Sandy, calm down." Maxwell said. "If we can get Pretzel to use his Blueberry Pie Portal again, we might be able to make it back. But we probably will need to wait until his power is recharged."

Maxwell pointed to the figure of Pretzel, who had collapsed, and was sleeping on the ground.

"Well, if we need to get back," said Pashmina with her optimist tone. "I say we get to know our surroundings a bit."

"But where are we now?" Bijou asked.

"Potty! Potty!" Cinnamon cooed, still holding her sleeping brother's hand.

"Yes Cinnamon, we'll go potty once we figure out where we are." Bijou smiled at her gently.

"No, Bij." Sandy observed. "I think she's telling us where we are!"

Indeed, once Cinnamon moved away, she revealed a plastic toilet.

"Hey!" Stan called. "I found a door!"

He pushed the handle and everyone spilled out onto hot pavement, Bijou holding Pretzel in her arms.

"Oh~|my~|gosh~|" Pashmina looked disgusted. "I was just in a

port-a-potty with two guys!"

"Well, three if you could Pretzel, but like, yeah, pretty much." Sandy said.

"Never mind where we were." Maxwell noted. "Look at where we are now!"

His gaze turned towards a large sign decorated in bright red and yellow letters.

"Amazing!" Maxwell touched the writing on the sign. "The civilization of this time has developed a highly advanced form of hieroglyphs! It could take years to figure this out!"

"Uh, dude." Stan said blankly. "It says 'Restaurant Le Fancy.' Dude, go to first grade."

"I was just being scientific Stan." Maxwell shot back.

"Whatever." Stan replied. "I'm hungry!"

"Yes." Pashmina agreed. "Food sounds good at a time like this. Look, the sign says they take dollars, and they have a drive-thru."

"I think we can just walk through it." Bijou said. "But what kind of food will be here, I wonder?"

"Look at this!" Maxwell held up a newspaper he picked up from the trash. "It's the same year, and the same day butâ€¦"

He pointed to the place where it usually read 'America.' But this time, it said Nega-Merica.'

"What?" Stan asked. "Like, what's Nega-Merica?"

"Look!" Sandy pointed to an article labeled, "World Peace." There were more articles titled, "Food for Hungry," "No More Homeless," and "Fried Foods Declared Healthy."

"I thinkâ€¦" Maxwell looked amazed. "That we've stumbled across a world where everything is the opposite as ours!"

"Sounds logical." Bijou noted. "But if everything is opposite, than 'Restaurant Le Fancy' would beâ€¦"

"Welcome to McDonalds!" a voice screamed from a small speaker. "What would you like?"

"Ugh!" everyone groaned, except for Stan, who seemed to be happy.

"I'll have a cheeseburger and fries!" he said, ready with his order.

"Uh, and did you want cheese on that?" said the voice.

"Of course not!" he replied sarcastically. "Why would I want cheese on my cheeseburger?"

"And did you want fries with that?" the voice responded.

"No." he said, still sarcastic. "Of course I don't want fries with my cheeseburger and fries."

"Okay, so that's a cheeseburger and fries, with no cheese and no fries." The voice said. "And what did you want to drink?"

"Give me a shake with sprinkles and gummy worms." Stan said, looking bright.

"Okay, your total is eight forty eight. Is that for here or to go?"

Stan put his hand over his face. "Dude, I'm in the freakin' drive through line! What do you think?"

"Okay!" the voice said choppily. "Come inside and we'll seat you right away."

Stan rolled his eyes.

"Man, is this guy an idiot or what?" he said to his friends as they followed him into the restaurant.

"Oh, there you are! Here's your order!" a person handed Stan his bag. Stan gaped.

"M-Maxwell?" he said.

"Yes?" Maxwell responded blankly.

"No, I mean, that guy!" Stan pointed at the guy who handed him his food. Maxwell gaped too, for the guy looked exactly like Maxwell!

"Okay, let's lay down the clues." Sandy stated. "One, this is a dimension where everything is the opposite of how it is in our world."

"Two." Bijou said. "There's a person who looks like Maxwell."

"Three." Pashmina said. "The guy who looks like Maxwell is a total idiot!"

"And four." Maxwell agreed. "This place is called Nega-Merica."

"I've got it!" Bijou said. "It means there's a twin for each and every one of us here, and they're the exact opposites of us!"

"Exactly!" Maxwell said. "We just need to find them."

"Um, excuse me, Maxwell." Pashmina asked the other Maxwell.

"Whoa, how do you know my name?" the other Maxwell asked.

"That's not important." Pashmina stated. "I need to know, do you know

people named Sandy, Bijou, Stan, Pashmina, Pretzel and Cinnamon?"

"Oh yeah!" Nega-Maxwell stated. "Of course. Those guys are like, my best friends, or something! Follow me!"

And so they followed him into the back room, where a large assortment of people was gathered.

Sandy took notice instantly of a very large person with flaming red hair, sitting on the couch.

"Please be Stan! Please be Stan!" Sandy whimpered, closing in on the enormous figure of the person. She slowly turned and looked at the back of her head. "Darn it!" she swore after taking sight of a small ponytail at the back of the woman's head.

"Hey!" the woman turned to Sandy, speaking thickly. "Watch where yur lookin'!" The woman tried to sit up straight, but started panting hard and slumped back down, putting an overly large hand on her chest.

"Whoo," she panted. "Sitting sure takes a lot outta ya!" The woman placed her chunky fingers in a bowl on the table next to her, pulling out a fistful of potato chips and stuffing them clumsily into her mouth.

"Eww." Bijou said, wincing at the unappetizing sight. "Is that the opposite of you, Sandy?"

"I'm like, afraid so!" Sandy said, closing her eyes and placing her hands on her face.

Pashmina walked around to the other side of the couch and gasped. "Oh my! This side of the couch is covered in food crumbs!"

"So what are you, the Pink Princess of the enchanted castle?" said a voice.

"Eeep!" Pashmina screamed as a dark figure emerged from the corner of the room, who had blended in so well with the darkness that it hadn't been seen.

The figure stopped right in front of Pashmina, revealing that it was a girl. She put one hand lazily on her hip, and another was draped over her side. Her weight was placed on one foot, giving her a slouch that told everyone she didn't want to be where she was. Her hair was raven black, as was her attire, complete with a black scarf and a dark veil that clouded her face.

"W-who are you?" Pashmina pretended to smile, but winced in fear while doing so.

"Do you really want to know?" said the girl, her face unchanging.

Pashmina went up to the girl and lifted her veil. She screamed. The girl's face had a nasty scowl on it, making her completely unrecognizable, if it wasn't for her ocean blue eyes.

Pashmina's eyes.

"Youâ€|you'reâ€|!" Pashmina began.

"Your worst nightmareâ€|" said the girl. And she removed her veil and her shadowy cloak, revealing her sharp figure dressed in black leather.

The girl made eye contact with everyone in the room, leaving faces scarred with her fearful image.

"I am Pashmina, Goddess of Darkness!" she flung her arms up, and cackled insanely.

"Aw, cut it out, Pash!" said another voice, this one sounding like the speaker was holding his nose.

A boy with bright red hair came around the corner and into the lounge. He pressed his glasses to his nose, and straightened his sweater vest.

"She always does this to scare newcomers." Said the boy. "I'm Stan, by the way. And you-" he walked up to the normal Stan, "must be my opposite!"

"How do you know about that?" Maxwell, the regular one, interrupted.

"I know everything!" the other Stan exclaimed, putting his arms on his waist proudly.

"Then explain," regular Stan cried. "How I have such a dorky opposite!"

"Sticks and stones, sticks and stones." Nega-Stan muttered. "I expect you've already met my sister Sandy, and Maxwell, and Ms. Gothic Princess over there."

Nega-Pashmina replaced her veil, and returned to the corner, mumbling something about poison in somebody's food. At that moment, the normal Stan decided to drop his bag of food in the trash.

"Excuse me," Bijou stated. "But if everyone has an opposite, what about me?"

"What's your name?" Nega-Stan asked.

"Bijou." She replied anxiously.

For some reason, all the Negas snickered a bit (even Nega-Pashmina managed a chuckle.)

The Other Stan went into a small room on the side, and came out carrying a leafy green potted plant.

"This," he said. "Is Bijou."

"No, no, my friend." Bijou stated. "That, that you have there, that's a tree."

"Yes" Nega-Stan agreed. "A tree named Bijou."

"So" she said. "You're saying that it's my opposite?"

"Exactly." He replied.

A blank expression touched Bijou's face. "I'm not going to say anything."

"How come it's her opposite?" Sandy asked. "Like, I don't get it!"

"Well, Bijou's a tree" Nega-Stan said.

"Yes but that doesn't-"

"From Canada."

Everyone was silent for a bit, and then suddenly, Bijou cried:

"NO! NOT CANADA!!!"

Everyone laughed, and as they were laughing, they barely noticed two small children standing in the doorway.

"Excuse us ever so much," said the boy, who looked around eight, with cream-colored hair and matching ears.

"But we just wanted to know what was going on." Said the girl, with red-brown ears poking from her equally dark hair, smeared with white. She looked a few years younger than the boy.

Bijou, the non-leafy one, kneeled down beside them and said, "My, aren't you two adorable! Would you mind telling me your names?"

"Certainly, miss." The boy said.

"Of course." The girl replied.

And they said at the same time:

"Pretzel and Cinnamon."

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Yeah, short-ish chapter, but I really wanted to put this up, so this chapter will be divided up into two parts! So see you all next time! Merry Chrismahannakwanzaka!

End
file.